

Shepherd Adonia's
GARLAND.

Containing Four SONGS.

1. The Continued Lovers; Or, the pleasant Courtship between a Shepherd and Shepherdess.
2. The Greenwich Lovers; Or, the faithful Mariner's Courtship to his beautiful Nancy, containing his promise of Marriage at return.
3. Nancy's Constancy to William, her faithful Lover.



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The Contented LOVES, &c.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Shepherd Adonia, being weary of his Sport,
 Retir'd to the Woods, where he us'd to resort;
 He let fall his Crook, and he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no Monarch, nor he wish'd for no Crown.
 He drank of the cold Brook, eat the fruit of the Tree
 Enjoying himself, from all Care was he free:
 He valu'd no Nymph, was she ever so fair;
 No Pride, no Ambition, no, nor likewise no Care.
 But as it fell out in one Evening so clear,
 A charming sweet Voice he chanc'd for to hear,
 He stood like a Stone, not one Foot could he move,
 He knew not what ail'd him, but fear'd it was Love.
 The Nymph she beheld him with her modest Grace,
 Seeing something appear she disguis'd her Face,
 She disguis'd her Face, and to him did say,
 How now My Shepherd, how came you this Way.
 The Shepherd r. ply'd, and to her he said,
 I ne'er was surpris'd at the sight of a Maid,
 When first I beheld thee, from all Care was I free,
 But now I am Captive, my Dearest to thee.
 O Shepherd! O Shepherd! leave not thy free state,
 For Love will entangle in sorrow that's great,
 Distracting thy Brain, that thou ne'er wou'd have rest,
 Then yield not to Love, for as yet thou art blest:
 Thou fairest of Creatures, the Charm'r of Man,
 Thy Beauty's so great, I can't it withstand,

O pity my Case, and yield me some Joy;

O pity, O pity a wounded young Boy.

The Nymph she reply'd with a languishing look,
Saying, Shepherd, alas, my Way I mistook,
If you never had seen me, nor I known you were,
And now I do pity you I do declare.

O sit thee down by me, thou Angel so bright,
In whom is my Comfort, my Joy, and Delight;
O Nymph most celestial, ease me of my Pain,
A poor broken hearted, and languishing strain,

O don't prove my downfal! Why will you? O why
Will you let your Shepherd thus languishing die?
If you grant me not Love, all the World can't me save,
tho' I once did it slight, yet 'twill bring me to the grave

With that poor Adonia let fall some few Tears,
His Face looked pale, which discover'd his Cares,
The Nymph looked red, and blushing did cry,
O no, sweet Adonia, for me thou shalt die.

This Answer reviv'd poor Adonia's Heart,
His Troubles were fled, and he felt no more smart;
the Nymph she receiv'd him with looks that were kind,
And from her fair Shepherd she comfort did find.

Then softly he took her, and did lay her down,
The Sky was their Teaster, their Bed was the ground
He enfolded her often in his lovely Arms,
Her Face and her Features discover'd rare Charms.

As charming as Venus, the Time she was took,
A long with brave Mars, when Gods at them did look.
Yet this Nymph and young Shepherd were beautiful fair
Like the light of the Sun-beams, so shining they were.

Thus

Thus great Enjoyment, from Care, and all strife,
 This most loving Couple leads a charming sweet life,
 No Rammours they bear, neither Battles they see,
 Enjoying each other, from all Cares are they free.

Amongst the sweet Groves thus pleasant they live
 Nothing they want, but kind Heaven doth them give,
 It is there, it is there, Oh, it is there that they keep,
 Their quiet, contented, and poor-harmless Sheep

All Day near to Mountains and Rivers they rove,
 At Night they return to their peaceable Grove,
 And thus in the Day, as well as the Night,
 They live in great Pleasure, in Joy, and Delight.

One sings with her Voice, th' Other plays with his-
 While one is employed the other stands mute, (Flute,
 They look at each other, so charming so sweet,
 Sometimes interposing, their Lips they do meet.

Thus charming, thus lovely they lead a blest Life,
 So free from all Care, so safe from all Strife,
 If therefore all Lovers contentment would find,
 Like this happy Couple, be loving and kind.

The Greenwich Lovers; Or, the faithful Mariner's Courtship, &c.

Sweet William came to his pretty Nancy,
 A Greenwich Damsel of Beauty bright:
 Said he, there's no one but thee I fancy,
 Thou art my Jewel, and Heart's Delight,
 For thy Promotion, I'll sail the Ocean,
 To bring home Gold and Silver Store,
 With

With thee I'll marry, if thou wilt tarry,
Till I return to my Native Shore.

My sweetest Jewel, if thou wilt believe me,
Thou art the first Love that ever I had,

Wherefore I hope thou'lt not deceive me,

Ere thou shalt find me a faithfull Lad,

That's true and loyal, make no Denial,

I vow to Love for evermore,

And mean to marry, if thou wilt tarry,

Till I return to my Native Shore.

When first thy Beauty I did discover,

Like to an Arrow it wounded me,

Oh! pty therefore a wounded Lover,

That now has fixed his Heart on thee;

Then don't deny me, but pray thee try me,

Who for thy Favour does thee implore,

And we will marry, if thou wilt tarry,

Till I return to my Native Shore

Why stand'st thou silent my dearest Sweeting,

Speak, canst thou love me, ay or no,

We ne'er can have a more happy Meeting,

Ere I away to the Seas must go,

Let this be broken now for a Token,

That we will love each for evermore,

With Vows to marry, no longer tarry,

But till I come to my Native Shore.

The Damsel then with a sweet Behaviour,

She made the Sailor this short reply,

I thank you Sir, for your love and favour,

But dare not venture no, no not I,

For should you leave me, and so deceive me,

O that would grieve me for evermore,
 Fear not my Jewel, I cannot be cruel,
We'll marry when that I come on Shore
 Her heart was tender, and soon relented,
 At every Word the Sailor spoke,
 And when she had to his Love consented,
 A piece of Gold he betwixt them broke,
 One half he gave her, and said do not waver,
 Be constant to me for evermore,
 And we will marry, no longer tarry,
But till I come to my Native shore.
 Tho' for a Season, we must be parted,
 Yet never doubt my Fidelity,
 I will be faithful and loyal hearted,
 Whether I travel by Land or Sea,
 No Foreign Beauty shall quell my Duty,
 I'll keep my promise for evermore,
 With thee I'll marry, no longer tarry,
But till I come to my Native shore.
 I'll search Earth's Bowels, and plow the Ocean,
 For Gold and every precious Thing,
 My Love and Riches shall be my Portion,
 The Cargo home to my Love I'll bring,
 The Indian Treasure shall crown with pleasure,
 My Joy and my Jewel, for evermore,
 Then we will marry, no longer tarry,
But till I come to my Native shore.
 Farewel my Love, I must now be going,
 My Captain calls, and I dare not stay,
 Our Sails are spread, and the Winds are blowing
 With speed we must our Anchors weigh,

O cease thy weeping, my Heart in keeping,
 I'll leave with thee for evermore,
 And now to marry, no longer tarry,
But till I come to my Native Shore.

Nancy's Constancy to her beloved William.

WHile William sailed the foreign Nations,
 Thro' foaming waves on the curled Main
 Sweet Nancy waited with constant Patience,
 For William's happy return again,
 In private praying, and often saying,
 Kind Heaven to him protection give,
 For I'll not leave him, nor once deceive him,
So long as I have a Day to live.

His precious Sayings, as hidden Treasure,
 I'll lock up close in this Breast of mine,
 Where I can feast upon them with pleasure,
 When in my Chamber I do confine,
 Myself each Hour, by Heaven's power,
 To my sweet William's protection give,
 For I'll not leave him, &c.

Sometimes in Bed as I am lying,
 Upon my downy Pillows soft,
 My Heart seems fainting, bleeding and dying,
 As tho' my Soul would mount aloft;
 Instead of sleeping mine Eyes are weeping,
 Morpheus no Rest to one can give,
 For I'll not leave him, &c.

She by a Taylor's Son was courted,
 Who offer'd her a Chain of Gold,

Quoth she, it shall not be reported,
My Faith and Troth is bought and sold,
B-gone you Taylor, I have a Sailor,
To whom I did my promise give.
And I'll not leave him. &c.

The Eye of Heaven has often seen us,
When that we have together spoke,
And sure the Vows that pass between us,
Are sacred, and must not be broke,
I'll never flatter, nor seem to alter,
Till Death the fatal Stroke shall give,
Nor will I leave him, &c.

Behold when fourteen Months or better,
His Eastern Voyage he had late pursu'd,
From his kind Hands she received a Letter,
Wherein at large he his Love renew'd.
Said he, sweet Maiden, I'm coming laden,
With Riches which I to thee will give,
I'll never leave thee, nor yet deceive thee, &c.

The Ship at length in, the flowing River,
Was borne along with the Wind and Tide,
Farewell, quoth Will, to the Seas for ever,
I'll take myself to my virtuous Bride,
For I have Treasure, therefore with Pleasure,
The Day of Nancey I mean to crown,
Tho' long the tarry'd, at length I'm marry'd,
And We're together in Greenwich Town.

FINIS.

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The Ship at length in the flowing River,
 Was borne along with the Wind and Tide,
 Farewell, quoth *Will* to the Seas for ever,
 I'll take myself to my virtuous Bride,
 For I have Treasure therefore with Pleasure,
 The Day of Nancy I mean to crown,
 Tho' long the tarry'd, at length they marry'd,
 And liv'd together in Greenwich Town.

FINIS.

